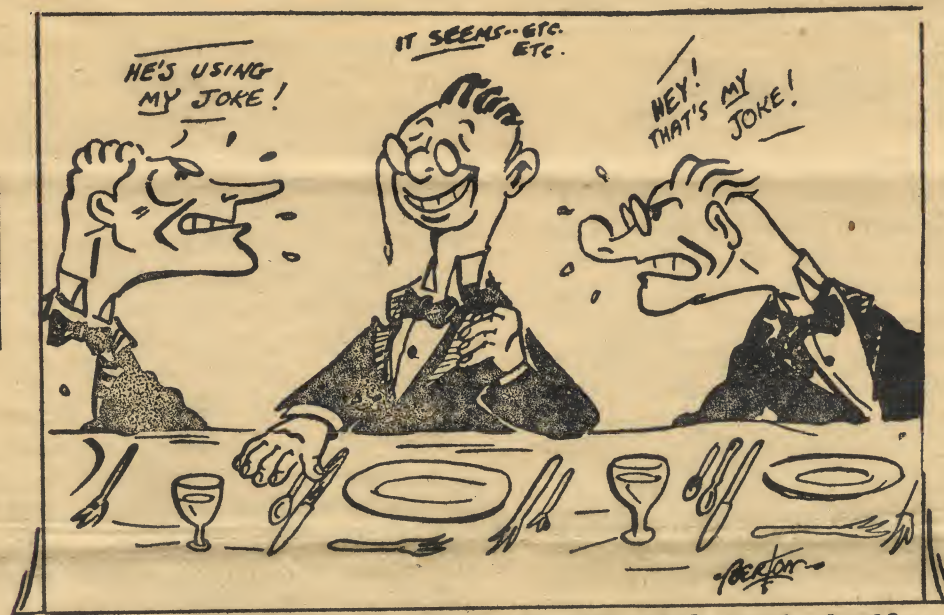


THE MICROSCOPE

SPECIAL BANQUET ISSUE

1938/39



GUEST SPEAKERS ALL TEND TO USE THE SAME JOKE

Dignitaries Dine "When Do We Eat?" Is Cry

Tonight is the night prominent College dignitaries gather to pay homage to their Alma Mater. They're all here, from the Faculty to the Football team.

There's Prof. Elliot, rehearsing his Annual Joke to himself ...there's Kay Sceats looking daggers as she reads this rival publication ...there's Prof. Wallace attempting to obtain the integral of a piece of pie.

Farther down is Alley Sturrock, prominent College student and one of the city Fathers. He is listening to Bruce Mickleburgh who is asking if the soup is Union

(continued on Page 4.)

Busy Dean at Banquet Buchanan Interviewed

Dean Buchanan, in an exclusive interview with the Microscope staff, announced his intention of staying on as Dean of Arts and Science at U. B. C. for several more years in order to become acquainted with the 1938-39 crop of Vic College students who are going across the straits next year.

"It is well known that Victoria College has the highest standards of any College on Vancouver Island," said the Dean. "You can tell the Chamber of Commerce" he continued in his own inimitable style, "that Victoria is a mighty fine little town."

(continued on Page 4.)

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The MICROSCOPE

Published weekly at the Victoria College.

**Special Banquet Issue produced
entirely by Harold Parrott, W.
Ivan Mouat, and Pierre F. Berton**

Editorials

Due to many requests and unforeseen pressure of our public, we have been verbally forced into print once more. This time we are offering the much heralded *Printed Souvenir Issue* of the *MIKE*. We hope it measures up to standard. As we have already written our last editorial there is little left to say. To the new Council Elect we extend our congratulations, sympathies and best wishes for future success. Hope they do not have too many rough waters to sail and that President Evans does not have too much difficulty carrying out his Election Platform. Our last President and Council have done very well in working out last year's campaign speeches, and will never receive the full credit due them.

We wish all our readers a Merry Christmas, a Happy New Year and the best of luck in exams. Please do not read this during the after dinner speeches. It may be more interesting, but it's not polite.

A Tribute To Journalism

The "UBYSSEY" (that's the paper that publishes the *Victorian Viewpoint*) has in its possession a prize photograph of their President, Carson McGuire, which they print, with fiendish glee, at every possible chance. The picture depicts Mr. McGuire seated at the festive board ravenously devouring a forkful of vittles. The expression on his face is one of hungry

(continued on last page)

Craigdarroch Comment

by Anatole

Just as I thought I had finished with newspaper work for the year, and had settled down, determined to carry out a cramming time-table to the letter, some big dope of an Editor comes along with a "Go To Press" look on his face and tells me he thinks it will be a great idea to put out a special BANQUET issue. I feel like the poor old Greek; (I forget his name) who was pulled off his farm, to lead his armies once more to victory. (In the good old days when they fought with swords instead of umbrellas.) Well, as long as I have come out of retirement, I may as well write something. (Have just burned my cramming time-table).

You will probably read this column somewhere between the soup and the fish (if they give us fish) and will, no doubt, be preparing to ward off the epidemic of after dinner speeches which break out at this time of year. (If you are unfortunate enough to be a speaker, please accept my sympathies). But speaking of speeches brings up the question of jokes. Naturally, most of the speakers tonight will attempt to put their audience in a good humour with a joke. But the burning question is this: Will John R. Meredith, our President tell a joke? Throughout the years it

(continued on last page)

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GRATITUDE

The editors wish to thank the loyal members of the MIKE staff who have given so freely of their time and talent, during the past year: Jean Laidman, Mildred Duncan, Mary J. Pearse, Bill Sloan, Ernie McMinn, Frank Turley Wally Friker, Glen Hamilton, Doug Worthington, and Bruce Mickleburgh.

BUSY DEAN (continued from Page 1.)

Next to Ontario, I like it best, next to Vancouver."

The Dean stated that there was no truth in the rumour that he was bringing out a book of Ontario jokes. The Dean closed the interview by saying that when ever he needed peace and quiet he came to Victoria.

DIGNITARIES DINE (continued)

Made.

There is the Lippincot, who can be distinguished by the bored look he is giving his neighbour. Maestro Alan Batey, of the Glee Club, is humming "Ferdinand" to himself as he cuts into a veal cutlet. And there's Honest John O'Connell of the I. R. C. recently returned from vacationing in Allensburg.

There's Madam, benevolently eying a *pati-de-foi-gras*, and there's Prof. Ed. Sav-
(continued on next Page.)

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Gridley Quayle at Banquet or Soup gets in your eyes.

At a crowded table, crammed with yelling college students, sat Gridley Quayle the great defective. He was waiting for the fish course. Idly, he dipped his spoon in a plate of soup which lay before him. The spoon dissolved. It was then he realized that somewhere in the room, perhaps at this very table, lurked the Fiend whom he was so relentlessly pursuing.

Quayle looked around him. On one side sat Bruised Mickleberry, who was writing "Vote for Manion" in mashed potatoes. On the other side sat Bill Sloon, eating a chunk of double date cake. Across the way, Wally Snicker was taking a candid camera shot of an olive. Could any of them be the Fiend? Who knows? Quayle didn't.

Suddenly a scream rent the air. It came from the lips of J. Roger Meredith. Somebody had spilled gravy on his grey flannels. Gridley Quayle dived under the table and waited. He was not alone. Several prominent Ward 9ers were there before him. They exhibited little interest in the surroundings.

Silence reigned, save for the sound of the S. C. M. study group twirling their prayer wheels. Gridley Quayle crawled along the floor and came out three tables away where a group of Biology students were dissecting the fish course and arranging it in subphyla. A little farther over sat members of the Microscope staff entirely surrounded by typographical errors.

Suddenly a hush fell over the gathering. The Dean was rising to speak. "Pass the pickles please," he said. Then Quayle saw something that chilled him to the bone. The end of a pretzel was protruding from the Dean's pocket. Instantly Gridley Quayle knew this was not the Dean. It must be the Fiend cleverly disguised.

Armed only with a salad fork, the super-sloth dashed down the table. But the Fiend saw him coming. Knocking over Prof. Wallis, who was moodily gnawing a cosine, he dived into the soup tureen.

A tremendous splash occurred that almost drowned Duke Wellington, who was hiding behind a napkin. Gridley Quayle saw that he must act fast. Grabbing the soup tureen, he quickly dropped it in Ally Stirrup's perambulator and made a rush for the door, bravely buffeting a barrage of sugar lumps as he did so. But in Quayle's heart there was a song. He had the Fiend safely locked in the soup tureen. Quayle looked down, and then he froze. The soup tureen was gone! In its place was the George Jay trophy. The Fiend had won again! There was only one thing left for Quayle to do, and he did it. He went back and started in on the fish course.

DIGNITARIES DINE *(continued)*

annah, pessimistically toasting a marshmallow over a bunsen burner.

There's Bob McKean, and Jim Man guay, beating out "Loch Lomond" with their knives and forks, ...Pierre Berton, dangling Gridley Quayle on his knee, and there's Betty Lindsay, telling the Women's Underhand Society to keep their fingers out of the gravy.

Yes and there are lots more too, but you can see them just as well just as we can so why mention anybody? Besides we have no more space.

Hot Session at Alma Mater Meeting Motion Brings Debate

This term's Alma Mater meeting was not just "one of those affairs." Mr. Berton's motion that the Pres. Elections be held before the Council Elections warmed the session up. Mr. Mickleburgh and his fiery oratory opposed the set-up, favouring instead the election of both President and Secretary before the other elections.

From then on it developed into a rough and tumble between Mr. Parrott and Mr. Mickleburgh. Mr. Mickleburgh's heart rendering appeal to the women and Mr. Parrott's denunciation of tradition were highlighted. Mr. Mickleburgh won the argument, but the motion that Mr. Parrott upheld, won the support of the voters.

AUTOGRAPHS Here Please

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Fire In Ward 9

College Squad Act Quickly

A bulletin notice over a week ago stated that "Ward 9 will be closed from now on." If the truth were known, ward 9 was destroyed by fire and water. No casualties were reported but there are several missing.

The fire was discovered by a student who happened to be sitting on top of it. It originated in the couch (borrowed from ward 2). It was here that the College Fire-Brigade made it's first official appearance. Donning gas masks and forcing the door, they dashed into the room, and pointed their fire hose in the general direction of the couch. Nothing happened. "Turn it on!" shouted the leader. "It's on!" burred his assistant who was under two feet of water. They had forgotten to connect the hose to the faucet.

JOKE

The Editorial staff of the **MIKE** were talking about future life.
Mouat: What are you going to be when you get through College, Parrott?
Parrott: I'm going to be a joiner.
Berton: What's a joiner?
Parrott: If I see two other fellows drinking, I'm going to join them

CAUTION

We ask, for the sake of decency and politeness, that during the speeches, you kindly refrain from reading this paper. Be fair to the guests and yourselves.

And there was the dope who couldn't read in the day time because he went to Night School.

Banquet Hints

What to use:

Large Spoon - for soup (holds more)
Little spoon - for tasting coffee, eating gravy, rapping on table.
Large knife - used exclusively for peas.
Medium knife - used for cutting meat (but size of portion renders this unnecessary at most banquets.)
Small knife - for stabbing after dinner speakers.
Forks - for spaghetti, if there is any.
Chop Sticks - simple musical piece for piano.

What to say:

"Lovely evening."
"Terrible evening."
"Nice crowd."
"I hope the speeches will be good."
"Is that a gravy stain on the Dean's shirt?"
"It won't be long now." (reference to exams)

Banquet don'ts:

Don't mention the President's Grey Flannels (they're at the New Method ...adv.)
Don't ask Bob Horne if he's going to be at College next year.
Don't read this during speeches.

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Poetry Corner

ODE TO SPRING

by the Editors

Oh gentle spring!
Blue skies! and lambs!
And flow'rs budding!
And exams.

Oh gentle Muse,
Alas! Alas!
Spring is here,
But will we pass?

Of course we've had
Our downs and ups.
P. S. We'll see you
In the supps.

And then there is
Another thing:
The MICROSCOPE
Is gone with Spring.

But will it die?
We answer "never!"
It's voice will linger
On. Forever.

So till next year
We'll say goodbye.
The banquet's swell.
"Please pass the pie."

Look Your Best

Dominion Hotel

BARBER SHOP

(Bill) Inkpen - -

Harry Holder

Craigdarroch Comment *continued*

has been a tradition that every President of the student's Council must be prepared at all times with a joke (*age immaterial*) to tell during such affairs as Alma Mater meetings, Election Speeches, and Banquets.

Mr. Meredith astounded the College this year by absolutely refusing to tell a joke. Despite cries of "Joke! Joke!" he has made no attempt to satisfy the mob. However, it is not impossible that he may realize the seriousness of the situation tonight. Look at him. He is probably looking around for a joke at this very moment.

Well, it's not too late, John. I have a joke. I have jealously guarded it for months, but will let you have it free, as a small token of my appreciation for supplying material for this column throughout the year. Look for me. I'll be the guy 3 tables down, with the gravy stains on his tie, and the remains of a cramming time-table in his pocket. See you in the supps.
Anatole.

A Tribute To Journalism *continued*

craving. His fork is heaped high, his mouth is open, his eyes are wide and have a gloating look that is past description. The genius who took this picture and escaped with it deserves congratulations. The newspaper deserves commendation also for not accepting the many bribes that must have been offered by the president for the suppression of this revealing photo. We have seen no other picture printed. Always he is depicted in this same hungry pose. One gets the impression that he lives in a state of semi-starvation. It is not the pose one would expect a President to be in. No doubt the photographer could have made a lot of money by selling this photo to some manufacturer of Pork and Beans, but no --he gave it to his paper-- there is true journalism for you.